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you need is the
old reliable tonic and
blood-purifier,

**AYER'S
SARSAPARILLA**

It
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no substitute.
Cures others,
will cure you

Piles Can Be Cured.

The greatest pile remedy ever discovered is **Beggs' German Salve**. It relieves at once, and effects a permanent cure in an incredible short space of time. Also excellent for Cuts, Scalds, Burns, and Bruises. Every box warranted by W. R. Kennedy, Fourth and Kansas avenue.

Ring up American Steam Laundry, tele. 341, and have them call for your laundry.

Omaha, Neb., May 4, 1891.

To Whom It May Concern: I am troubled considerably with headache and have tried almost everything which is used as a preventative or cure, but there is nothing that has done me so much good as Krause's Headache Capsules. **ALBERT HELLER.**

Sold by all druggists.

A Beautifier For Ladies.

Everybody admires a beautiful complexion. Ladies who have used the celebrated **Elder Flower Cream**, recommend it as the greatest complexion beautifier in the market. It is used by society ladies. For sale by J. K. Jones.

Is Your Hair Falling Out or Turning Gray?

If so, why don't you try **Beggs' Hair Renewer**? It is the only positive Hair Renewer on the market. It stimulates the hair follicles and gives the hair a soft, luxuriant, youthful appearance. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennedy, Fourth and Kansas avenue.

Yellow, Dried Up and Wrinkled.

Is this the way your face looks? If so, try **Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker**. It not only purifies the blood, but renews it, and gives your face a bright youthful appearance. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennedy, 4th and Kas. Ave.

Creates health, creates strength, creates vigor: **De Witt's Sarsaparilla**. It recommends itself. J. K. Jones.

Beggs' Little Giant Pills

Are the most complete pill on the market, besides being the cheapest, as one pill is a dose, and forty doses in each bottle. Every pill guaranteed to give satisfaction by W. R. Kennedy, 4th and Kas. Ave.

Pure blood means good health. Reinforce it with **De Witt's Sarsaparilla**. It purifies the blood, cures Eruptions, Eczema, Scrofula and all diseases arising from impure blood. It recommends itself. J. K. Jones.

Omaha, Neb., May 5, 1891.

To Whom It May Concern: I have suffered for years with neuralgic headache and Krause's Headache Capsules is the only remedy that has done me any good. Would recommend them to all similarly afflicted. **CHAS. PASSOT.**

Sold by all druggists.

For Hoarseness, Chronic Sore Throat, Bronchitis and severe throat troubles, **Cubeb Cough Cure** is always sure. The active principle of Cubeb cannot be gained. All druggists and physicians will testify to its healing properties and successful action on the mucous membrane. Sold by Rowley Bros.

De Witt's Sarsaparilla is prepared for cleansing the blood from impurities and disease. It does this and more. It builds up and strengthens constitutions impaired by disease. It recommends itself. J. K. Jones.

Best Soda, all flavors, at Stansfield's, 632 Kas. ave.

532 calls up the Peerless



A STRANGE CASE.

How an Enemy was Foiled.

The following graphic statement will be read with intense interest: "I cannot describe the numb, creasy sensation that crept in my arms, hands and legs. I had to rub and beat those parts until they were sore, to overcome in a measure the dead feeling that had taken possession of them. In addition, I had a strange weakness in my back and around my waist, together with an indescribable 'good feeling' in my stomach. Physicians said it was creeping paralysis, from which, according to their universal conclusion, there is no relief. Once it fastens upon a person, they say, it continues its insidious progress until it reaches a vital point and the sufferer dies. Such was my prospect. I had been doctoring a year and a half, but with no particular benefit, when I saw an advertisement of **Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve**, procured a bottle and began using it. Marvellous as it may seem, but a few days had passed before every bit of that creepy feeling had left me, and there has been even the slightest indication of its return. I now feel as well as I ever did, and have gained ten pounds in weight, though I had run down from 170 to 135. Four others have used **Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve** on my recommendation, and it has been as satisfactory in their cases as in mine. —James Kane, La Rue, O. **Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve** is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the **Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.**, on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, express prepaid. It is free from opiates or dangerous drugs.

See Sale by all Druggists.

THE WORKING GIRLS' CLUBS.

A Summing Up of Their Aims, Uses and Results.

To the query often heard since the recent Boston convention of Working Girls' clubs, "Are they trying to equalize the wages of men and women for equal work?" the answer is: Many of the clubs are formed entirely of girls and young women who do what is called unskilled labor, who are unlettered and untaught and for whom there must be an awakening, which comes more or less slowly. The very foundations of character must be developed that have not been touched by home influence or even in the shop or factory. Rough natures have to be softened and every effort made to awaken thought. This has been done in a social as well as an educational way, and to brighten weary hours has not been the least and smallest purpose of the clubs.

Many have learned how to have healthy, good times, whose ideas were greatly astray. Dancing is a pleasure which is often indulged in, and in which girls lose their shyness and diffidence. Five cent suppers have been a success in one club, where the girls came directly to the clubroom from their work and enjoyed together the baked beans, fish balls, bread and butter, tea and cocoa. The receipts nearly always covered the expenses, and after the merry meal the pretty china presented to the club by interested friends was washed by willing hands and arranged in the closet ready for the next occasion.

The young man is also being considered, for it must be recognized that young men and young women enjoy each other's company as a law of nature. The society girl has a coming out time when she is formally presented to society and introduced to the young men whom her parents and guardians consider desirable for her to meet. But there is no coming out for the working girl. She has to meet and make her own friends and not always under happiest auspices. A young girl who went to our club was asked why she so often went out after a little while spent in the clubroom. "Oh, you are very nice, Miss A., and I like to meet you at the club, but I shall never get a mash in the world if I don't look round." Yet she was a good, honest girl, who simply had no place of meeting young men save on the street. She could doubtless protect herself and parry any insult far better than a sensitive, unsophisticated girl, who had always been cared for and guarded. One prosperous club has had several dancing parties to which young men were invited. A girl is pretty sure to bring the nicest young man she knows to introduce to her companions and to those whose opinion she has grown to value and desire. In this way acquaintances are formed under wholesome and natural surroundings.

On the educational side there are various classes formed, and as clubs become progressive lectures and talks are arranged on the interesting and vital topics of the day. Classes in millinery, dressmaking and cooking have ever been successful, and these have in view instruction for the purpose of teaching girls to do such work at home and for individual development rather than as trade classes, although some members becoming proficient do take up these occupations as a means of support. Talks upon literature and art, upon writers and painters and prominent men and women of the past and present have opened a new world to many club members, and practical talks upon home nursing, hygiene, emergencies, savings, the eight hour law and trades unions are a part of club life. With growth and development come discussions upon these subjects among members, so that working girls' clubs do stand for everything that is of interest to and for the advancement of women. First come the refining and broadening influences, then the capacity for thought and opinion, followed closely by the expression.

Vacations have become a strong feature in the clubs. Too many women have considered a vacation a luxury which they could never indulge in, and an outing or a holiday enjoyable only at some resorts where crowds do congregate and where there is cheap music, electric lights, plank walks, pink lemonade and merry go rounds. Nature was a sealed book which has slowly unfolded its pages and is delighting and brightening weary eyes. The rest and recuperation derived from the sweet pure air, the quietness and surroundings of the country, grown so dear with knowing it, more than compensate for the loss of time and wages, and what was thought unattainable has now become with co-operation a possibility. This brings us to the keynote of this second convention. The first convention, held in New York four years ago, had for its message self reliance, but this convention had for its keynote co-operation. To the young woman of fortunate circumstances and wide opportunity working girls' clubs offer a chance to know and work with those who need her and whom she needs to know. —Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Cleveland.

Mrs. Cleveland has not entertained at all this year. She has even omitted the weekly receptions which she used to have during her husband's first term and which Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee held so regularly. Since she returned to Washington last fall Mrs. Cleveland has devoted herself almost exclusively to her children and has lived in almost absolute retirement. The first lady of the land has been practically invisible except to her nearest friends, and there has not been as much hospitality at the White House as there was when the president was a bachelor. —Philadelphia Times.

Miss Somes, Artist.

Miss Somes of the Associated Artists of New York has taken up her residence in Washington, and her designs and work in interior decoration are much admired. She has a contract to decorate four dining rooms in the Metropolitan club.



DRESSES FOR SUMMER DAYS.

The dress on the left is of oyster white India silk with white insertions laid over brown ribbons. Brown net is used to trim the corsage and lace laid over ribbon. The dots are brown. The figure at the right shows a purple and maize striped taffeta trimmed with butter colored lace.

LOVEMAKING BY TELEPHONE.

Pleasant Experiences That Are Sometimes Fraught With Danger.

She had a dainty, delicately nurtured little lip, and he inquired she was pretty. Their friendship, which had its birthday quite recently, was commenced under circumstances conducive to a display of all the phases of human nature ranging from intense disgust to perfect bliss.

He had been nagging away at central for half an hour, trying to get 4709. Failing in the attempt, he had allowed his temper to get the best of him, and from the depths of a perturbed soul he had uttered words so unpardonable that the wire fairly sized as it transmitted them to the "hello" girl at the other end.

She was a new girl then, and she did not get mad—she wished afterward she had—but answered in a voice that his guilty conscience told him was all a-tremble with the throbbing of lacerated heartstrings: "Oh, now, I say, that it's too bad. I can't help it, you know."

The lip told him, and in subdued tones and modified form of speech he ventured to suggest that it might not be amiss for her to tell her name. To his surprise she patched up her wounded feelings enough to answer, "Alith," and then he succumbed completely to the charm of that musical "th."

From that time he has had no cause to complain of the girl at the central office. Every morning he has asked her how he looks; every morning she has answered, "I can't see over the 'phone," and every morning he has breathed forth volumes of adoration, to all of which she has lisped back sentences fraught with a similar sentiment.

On the anniversary of their acquaintance he told that he had been a blindfolded worshiper at the shrine of beauty long enough and that he intended to put a stop to that haphazard leaping in the dark that was bound to land him sooner or later either in a gall of despair or on the plain of hope realized. He wanted to see her.

She chirruped out a few remonstrances, but he overruled them, and she arranged the details of the meeting, which was to take place at Jackson and La Salle streets at 12 o'clock. They were to wear white roses as a sign of recognition. He was there on schedule time. She failed to appear. At the end of 15 minutes his brow was bathed in perspiration produced by the billows of doubt and impatience that surged over his heart.

At half past 12 some one tapped him on the shoulder, and a heavy bass voice inquired: "Is this John Smith?"

He had never had cause to be ashamed of his cognomen, and he said he was that individual. The owner of the voice was a tall, muscular man, dressed in a cycling suit and russet shoes. He wore a white scarf. Intuitively the anxious watcher connected his interlocutor with "Alith," and the very marrow in his bones took on a frigid temperature.

"You are the man who has been making love to Alice over the telephone, aren't you?" asked the bicyclist, edging nearer.

"I've heard of you often. Indeed you are about all I have heard of for the last six months, and I am getting tired of it. When she told me about this escapade, I couldn't stand it any longer. I'd have you know I'm engaged to that young lady myself, and it's my bounden duty to see that she isn't subjected to any more annoyances from you over that telephone, and if you dare to appoint another place of meeting, by Jove, I'll—"

He paused to consider just what course of action he would pursue in case such a thing should come to pass. He was a man who exercised his imagination on the same line and the picture he conjured up was far from reassuring.

"I guess you understand me," his foe added significantly.

The young man was too badly frightened to understand much of anything just then, but the look of warning in the other's eyes could not be misconstrued, and he signified his willingness to let the whole matter drop if everybody else connected with the affair was.

His dream is ended. This morning he pasted four new rules in the notebook which is his constant companion. They are:

Avoid all "hello" girls.

Avoid a girl that lisps.

Avoid girls named "Alith."

Avoid bicycle riders. —Chicago News.

him, and he came readily, for he is polite and prompt.

"Can I leave the car at the next street?" she inquired.

"You'll have to, miss," he responded.

It wasn't the end of the line, and she didn't understand. Neither did she like being told she would have to leave the car.

"What did you say?" she inquired, with a reddening face.

"I said you would have to leave the car, miss."

"Well, I guess I won't unless I want to," she said in very evident indication of rising temper.

"Where do you wish to go?" asked the conductor, perfectly calm.

"Two blocks down that cross street."

The conductor smiled softly.

"Then you will have to leave the car, miss, for I don't see how you can possibly take it with you," and he rang the bell for the crossing, and the girl hadn't time to stay and have it out with him. —Detroit Free Press.

Where the Demand Exceeds the Supply.



—Life.

A Little Too Neat.

"I don't mind a woman being neat," said old Mrs. Jason, "but one woman I used to know was just a little too neat for any use. Why, that there woman used to take a couple of goldfish she had out of their tank every Saturday night and give 'em a bath."

—Indianapolis Journal.

Hard Work.

"Do you ever get lonely out at your new country home?"

"No. We're busy all day fighting flies, and at night we can't sleep for the mosquitoes." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Her Programme.

"I have my programme pretty well arranged," said the earnest, young woman. "Sunday I devote to religious exercises of course; Monday to Deisarte and calisthenics; Tuesday the walking club takes its outing; Wednesday we study Moliere; Thursday we discuss the probability of woman attaining the ballot, and Friday is devoted to uplifting the poor."

"But what do you do on Saturday, dear?"

"Oh, that's the day for training my husband." —Indianapolis Journal.

No May Day Terrors.

Wearily William (in hayloft)—Sort o' comfortable, ain't it?

Puffering Peter—Reg'lar luxury, that's what it is! No doors to lock, no shutters to bolt, no windows to fasten, no kitchen fire to look after, no potted plants to move about, no light to bother with, and no nervous wife to send us a gallivant around on th' cold floors half a dozen times a night lookin' fer burglars. —London Weekly.

It Ought to Do.

Pigley—Shall you send your son to college?

Hogson—No. I had one set up here for him.

Pigley—What does it consist of?

Hogson—A gymnasium in the henery, a sawdust rug in the pen lot, a shell in the duck pond, the smokehouse for a secret society and 400 bunches of cigarettes. —Pack.

A Bait.

Witherby—We've been without a servant for a week now, but my wife is real good. She gets up first every morning and starts the fire.

Flankington—How do you contrive to get her up?

Witherby—Easy enough. I leave a lot of change in my trousers pocket. —Cloak Review.

If dull spiritless and stupid: If your blood is thick and sluggish: If your appetite is capricious and uncertain. You need a Sarsaparilla. For best results take De Witt's. It recommends itself. J. K. Jones.

Try Phillips' mineral water. It is considered the finest water for the stomach. 612 W. Eighth avenue. Try it.



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